THE HIGHLAND REEL.

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By JOHN O'KEEFFE, Esq.

LONDON:

Printed by A. Straban, Printers-Street;

FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1800.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M'Gilpin - - -	Mr. QUICK.
Sandy - - - -	Mr. INCLEDON.
Shelty - - - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Charley - - -	Mr. TOWNSEND.
Captain Daſh - -	Mr. CLAREMONT.
Serjeant Jack - -	Mr. CLARKE.
Laird of Raaſey - -	Mr. THOMPSON.
Croudy - - -	Mr. CUBETT.
Apie - - - -	Mr. REES.
Benin - -	Mr. SIMMONS.
Moggy	Mrs. MARTYR.
Jenny	Miſs MITCHELL.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A ſmall Court-yard before* M'GILPIN's *Houſe, incloſed with a low Paling and a ſmall Gate.*

Time—*Morning Twilight.*

CHARLEY *and* MOGGY *appear at different Windows.*

DUET.

Char. THE lamb and the heifer are taking their reſt,
Mog. The lark and the ſparrow lie ſnug in their neſt;
Char. Puſſy dozes;
Mog. And ſo does my doggy.
Char. All are ſnoring but Charley
Mog. And Moggy!
We wake to love before it is day.
Char. Come, my deareſt!
Mog. I come, my dear!
Both. We muſt be tripping away.

Mog. No portion, dear Charley, if I marry thee,
My little old Dad will give unto me!
Will love cool if you take me ſo barely?

Char. Mog in her ſmicket is welcome to Charley!

Mog. We wake to love before it is day, &c.

Char. Come, my deareſt, &c.

[*They retire.*

Enter M'GILPIN *from the Houſe.*

M'Gil. I will believe in witchcrafts, in wizards, and warlocks—Though I did pack Goody Commins out of the iſland, yet I am certain her elves have been about my houſe this night—No noiſe in Jenny's room, nor in my daughter Moggy's, nor in Charley's, nor in Benin's—yet, noiſes I moſt aſſuredly heard.—(MOGGY *from her window lowers a box on his feet.*)—Eh!

Mog. Have you got it?

M'Gil. Yes *(feels his foot as if hurt)*. What! my daughter! Oh ho! (*aſide.*)

Mog. I thought I heard my father *(ſoftly)*.

M'Gil. So did I (*in an under tone*).

Mog. Do you think he's got up?

M'Gil. No.

Mog. Now you'll catch me?

M'Gil. Yes, I'll catch you—you jade! *(aſide.)*

Mog. Now for it.

M'Gil. The devil! ſhe won't jump out of the window! (*aſide.*)

Mog. Now, my fine fellow—Here goes—

M'Gil. Oh, Lord! My child will break her bones! (*aſide.*) Stop! Can't you come out at the ſtreet door? it's open.

Mog. Pſha! why didn't you tell me ſo before? Upon my word I don't like ſuch jokes (*retires and goes down*).

M'Gil. (*aſide.*) Nor I, upon my ſoul! (SHELTY *ſings.*) If I cou'd carry on her miſtake, I may find out who her ſeducer is—I think it's ſcarce light enough for her to know me now.

Enter SHELTY *ſinging.*

Shel. If Sandy and Jenny are to be married to-day, it's time to rouze the boys and girls.

M'Gil. I think I know that voice.—Oh! this is her fine fellow, I ſuppoſe (*aſide*).

Enter MOGGY *from the Houſe,*

(CHARLEY *ſteals in.*)

Mog. Come, now I'm for you, my Dilding! (*takes* M'GILPIN *under the arm.*)

M'Gil. And I'm for you, my Dolding! (*in his own voice, laying hold of her.*—MOGGY *ſcreams.*) And pray, my dear, where were you going ſo early? Eh!

Mog. Going!—Sir!—I—I—was going——

M'Gil. I know you was going, Sir—but where, Sir?

Mog. To—to—church, Sir.

M'Gil. Jump out of the window to go to church!

Enter CHARLEY *from the Houſe, half undreſſed, and pretending to be ſcarce awake.*

Char. Aw! aw!—What's the matter here? Aw! *(yawning.)*

M'Gil. Where have you been, ſirrah?

Char. Sir—I—I was—aw—aw—faſt aſleep!

M'Gil. You ſtupid—Where's Jenny?

Char. Sir—ſhe's—aw—aw—faſt aſleep!

M'Gil. You lazy lubber! ſnoring in bed, and robbers and raviſhers running away with my daughter!—(*To* SHELTY.) Sirrah! What do you want with my daughter?

Shel. I! (*looking ſimple.*)

Char. Eh! Shelty!—Moggy!—Oh ho! (*looking at them.*) Well, hang me if I didn't long ſuſpect this!—(*To* MOGGY.) Turn it upon him and we are ſafe!

Mog. Go, my dear Shelty!

Shel. Eh!

Mog. Don't attempt to ſeduce my innocence any more?

Shel. I—ſeduce!

Mog. Your wanting me to jump out of the window to you—

Shel. I—jump!

M'Gil. To make a girl perhaps break her bones!

Mog. Ay, my poor little bones!—you cruel lad!

Shel. Why, is the devil in you all?

M'Gil. Don't name the devil, you profligate! You're as wicked as the witch your grandmother, and the ſmuggling thief your father!

Shel.

Shel. My Granny was an innocent old woman, and ſo is my Daddy!

M'Gil. Charley, I commit her to your care.

Mog. Oh, cruel father!

(CHARLEY *takes hold of her.*)

M'Gil. Take her, Charley! you marry, you jade! you ſha'n't be even preſent at a wedding—I'll have Sandy's and Jenny's celebrated to-day; and, oh, not a peep at it—up to your malepardis—go!

Char. Come, Miſs; I'll take care you don't marry anybody—but myſelf (*apart to her.*)

(CHARLEY *takes* MOGGY *into the Houſe.*)

M'Gil. That's right, Charley! (*follows them.*)

Shel. (*ſolus—looking out.*) As well as I can diſtinguiſh, yonder ſeems a boat put off from that ſhip that cou'dn't get in laſt night—I may pick up cuſtomers among the paſſengers: they can't come to a neater houſe than mine. Everybody ſays, ha, ha, ha! that Shelty's a queer fellow; I believe I am—but I don't know how—I get on—I do—I will!

AIR—SHELTY.

When I've money I am merry,
When I've none I'm very ſad,
When I'm ſober I am civil,
When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad,
With my fal, lal, tidle tum,
Likewiſe toodle, teedle tum,
Not forgetting titherin I,
And alſo folderoodle um.

When diſputing with a puppy,
I convince him with a rap,
And when romping with a girl,
By accident I—tear a cap.

With my fal, lal, &c.

Gadzooks, I'll never marry,
I'm a lad that's bold and free,
Yet I love a pretty girl,
A pretty girl is fond of me.

With my fal, lal, &c.

There's a maiden in a corner,
Round and ſound, and plump and fat,
She and I drink tea together,
But no matter, Sir, for that.

With my fal, lal, &c.

If this maiden be with bairn,
As I do ſuppoſe ſhe be,
Like good pappy I muſt learn
To dandle Jacky on my knee.

With my fal, lal, &c.

[*Exit.*

Enter M'GILPIN *and* CHARLEY.

M'Gil. Oh, my daughter is a moſt degenerate girl!—Well, you've locked her up?

Char. Yes, Sir! *(ſhews a key.)*

M'Gil. Keep her from Shelty.

Char. I'll keep her from Shelty, don't fear, Sir.

M'Gil. My good boy, how much I'm obliged to you—how ſhall I reward you?

Char. I ſhall want cath for our frolic—a choice opportunity to coax him out of a little (*aſide*).

M'Gil.

M'Gil. Only let me know what I ſhould do for you.

Char. Why, Sir, laſt Chriſtmas you promiſed me a Chriſtmas-box; now didn't you?

M'Gil. I did ſo, my faithful Charley; keep but a ſtrick watch upon Moggy, and—— Maybe you have thoughts of ſome little bloſſom yourſelf; only let me know the girl that can make you happy, and you ſhall have her by my authority.

Char. Ah, Sir! there is a girl—

DUET—M'GILPIN *and* CHARLEY.

M'Gil. Thy ſecrets to thy kind maſter tell.

Char. I love a maid—

M'Gil. Is ſhe full of play?

Char. No kid more gameſome—

M'Gil. Where does ſhe dwell?

Char. Lang twango dillo
Twang, lango dillo day.

M'Gil. If you're in love, boy, you're not to blame.

Char. As much, kind Sir, I have heard you ſay;
I love my charming—

M'Gil. Ay, what's her name?

Char. Lang twango dillo
Twang, lango dillo day.

Char.

Char. My Chriſtmas-box—

M'Gil. Oh, I underſtand!
Thy faithful ſervices I'll repay,
Here's five bright ſhillings—(*takes out money*)

Char. Here's my hand.

M'Gil. Lang twango dillo
Twang, lango dillo day.

[*Exit* CHARLEY.

M'Gil. Here comes the ſimple Sawney that prefers love to money.

Enter SANDY.

Ha, Sandy! welcome home, my boy!

Sandy (joyful). Here, Sir, I have got all our wedding geer in the neweſt Edinbro' taſte.

M'Gil. But when comes the parſon?

Sandy. He's gone over to Raaſey—ſo I deſired Jamy M'Kenzie to ſend us their new curate—But, Sir, is my Jenny awake (*going*). Oh, yonder ſhe comes, bright as the morn which gives the flowers their beauty! welcome as the gale which wafts its ſweetneſs!

AIR—SANDY.

Oh, had I Allan Ramſay's art
To ſing my paſſion tender!
In ev'ry verſe ſhe'd read my heart,
Such ſoothing ſtrains I'd ſend her:

Nor

Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid
To ſhew is all a folly,
How much I love the charming maid,
Sweet Jane of Griſipoly.

She makes me know what all deſire
With ſuch bewitching glances;
Her modeſt air then checks my fire
And ſtops my bold advances:
Meek as the lamb on yonder lawn,
Yet by her conquered wholly,
For ſometimes ſprightly as the fawn,
Sweet Jane of Griſipoly.

My ſenſes ſhe's bewilder'd quite
I ſeem an amorous ninny,
A letter to a friend I write,
For Sandy I ſign Jenny;
Laſt Sunday, when from church I came,
With looks demure and holy,
I cried, when aſked the text to name,
'Twas Jane of Griſipoly.

My Jenny is no fortune great,
And I am poor and lowly;
A ſtraw for power and grand eſtate,
Her perſon I love ſolely;
From every ſordid, ſelfiſh view,
So free my heart is wholly;
And ſhe is kind as I am true,
Sweet Jane of Griſipoly.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Welcome home, my Sandy!

Sandy (*embrace*). My love!

M'Gil. Ah! ha! Egad, my Highland lad and Lowland laſſie, you'll make a neat couple, ha, ha, ha!

Jenny.

Jenny (*to* M'GILPIN). Dear Sir, take the only return in my power—my thanks, my gratitude for your unmerited goodneſs.

M'Gil. Ah, Jenny, was I the man that boaſted of his goodneſs, I'd remind you that I gave you an aſylum when you was but a ſqualling bairn—though I didn't nor ſuppoſe I ever ſhall know what family you are of. Your mother coming here to Col to lye-in privately, and dying in my houſe—yet my aſtoniſhing benevolence—Oh!—

Sandy. Your benevolence would be aſtoniſhing indeed! (*aſide.*)

M'Gil. I ſay, my amazing charity and—

Sandy. Well, Sir, we have often heard that ſtory.

M'Gil. To be ſure. Would you have me put my candle under a buſhel? Speak, Jenny—did not I bring you up equal to my own daughter Miſs Moggy M'Gilpin? Sent you to the tip-top boarding ſchool in Inverneſs, kept by Miſs Caroline Killcoobery?

Jenny. You did, dear Sir.

M'Gil. I did—I did—Though your forlorn mother didn't leave you a bawbee——but 500*l.* which you ſhall never ſee (*aſide*).—So out of pure friendſhip, Sandy—there, take her——off my hands (*aſide*).

Jenny. Dear Sir—

M'Gil. Aye, I'm a kind friend, Jenny; an't I a gay old fellow? Why, I'm a ſecond Robin Gray!

Jenny. Oh, Sir! This laſt proof of your kindneſs leaves me not a wiſh, but to know my parents.

AIR

AIR—JENNY.

Such pure delight my boſom knows,
My thanks are due to heaven and thee;
With gratitude my heart o'erflows,
Kind agent of its clemency!
Humanity! thou good ſupreme
To chace the orphan's tear away,
Alike the bright all-cheering beam
Brings comfort from the god of day.

M'Gil. Hey! yonder's a boat put in from that ſhip in the offing—Some great ſtrangers landed. [*Exit.*

Sandy. I muſt gather all the lads to make a handſome wedding proceſſion to the kirk, Jenny.

Jenny. And I to aſſemble the laſſes. Oh, Sandy—here, as the packet's in, will you ſee if there's any letter for me, as I deſired the lottery-man to ſend me notice if this chance ſhou'd be drawn a prize (*gives it to him*).

Sandy. Ha, ha, ha! you never told me you had bought a lottery chance: but it muſt, it ſhall be a prize; I'll keep it ſafe for you—this day proves I'm a favorite of fortune, and ſhe ſhall ſmile upon my Jenny. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE—*An open Country*—SHELTY'*s Houſe.*

Captain DASH *and* Serjeant JACK *diſcovered.*

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Serj. Yes; the letter you'll ſend by little Tom the drummer, will prepare the old taxman—Ha, ha,

ha, ha! he won't have a doubt that you're the real Captain in the army, ha, ha, ha!

Capt. Ha, ha, ha! and my ſole commiſſion only the promiſe of a pair of colours in the Eaſt-India ſervice, on condition I can raiſe an hundred men, ha, ha, ha!

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! Ay, by this ſham of pretending their young Laird is our Colonel, from the affection of a Scotch highlander. I warrant they'll flock to our ſtandard—we know our ground, and the character of old M'Gilpin—flatter his eloquence, and promiſe him an agency, and we have every man in the iſland.

Capt. Dam'me, I'd rather have one pretty woman I ſaw juſt now than the honor of planting my ſtandard on the walls of Belgrade.

(*A loud laugh of* PEASANTS.)

Serj. Some country gambols going forward.

Capt. The time to recruit—introduce yourſelf to them: coax, wheedle, drink, ſwear—Zounds! make 'em——

Serj. As wicked as ourſelves.

[*Exit* CAPTAIN.

Enter SHELTY *playing the pipes before ſome country lads.*

Shel. Ay, lads, I think we'll honor Sandy's wedding; but the laſſes mus'n't ſet out for kirk before us.

Serj. Ha, my hearties! My honeſt lad, ſhake hands! (*to* SHELTY.)

Shel. Every man ſhake his own hand.

Serj. Why, you all ſeem very merry to-day.

Shel.

Shel. Yes; and we'll all be merry to-morrow, ha, ha, ha! and we were merry yeſterday, ha, ha, ha!

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! why, you're a pleaſant fellow!

Shel. Ha, ha, ha! yes, I am—ha, ha, ha! I was born laughing, ha, ha, ha! inſtead of crying, my mother laugh'd out ha, ha, ha!—My daddy liked to have dropt me out of his arms on the floor laughing at me, ha, ha, ha!—What's the child's name, ſaid the parſon that chriſtened me? Shelty, ſays my god-daddy; ha, ha, ha! then the parſon laugh'd, ha, ha, ha!—Amen, ſays the clerk, ha, ha, ha! Since that moment everybody has laughed at me, ha, ha, ha! and I laugh at everybody, ha, ha, ha!

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! I ſhou'd like to enliſt ſuch a pleaſant fellow—Your good-humour wou'd keep us in ſuch ſpirit; you'd be the drum of the corps.

Shel. Yes; and your rattan wou'd be the drum-ſtick of the corps, to beat the travally on my back—row-dy-dow! Good morning to you!

Serj. I tell you, you'd make a deviliſh good ſoldier.

Shel. That's more than my daddy cou'd.

Serj. Ha, ha, ha! you're an odd fiſh.

Shel. Yes; but I won't be a red herring.

Serj. No; but you're a pickled one though; but pray what are you?

Shel. Me! I'm a merchant, and a brogue-maker—I ſells a horn of malt—moreover I am a famous piper. My father, Mr. Croudy, is a famous necromancer; he's the gift of ſecond ſight; and Mrs. Commins, my granny, was baniſhed for a witch. Now I muſt tune my chaunter.

Serj. Any particular feſtival to-day?

Shel. A wedding; and there's the lads aſſembled to honor the wedding of Sandy and Jenny. Come, lads,

lads, quick! march two and two till we join Miſs Jenny.

Serj. He! well ſaid, my lad! you deſerve encouragement—I've a rough guinea here, and, egad, I'll make one at this wedding, to drink my King's health, and ſucceſs to the young couple.

AIR—SERJEANT *and* CHORUS.

For ſoldiers the feaſt prepare,
Who friends protect and foes annoy,
What war has won let's now enjoy,
Good cheer bright mirth beſtowing.
Old Sirloin firſt we'll nobly dare,
Our hoſt looks round his table,
His breaſt with friendſhip glowing,
We jovial lads whilſt able
Reſolv'd to do all honor
To the donor,
With courage charge
His boil'd and roaſt,
In goblets large
Each loyal toaſt
With ſparkling bumpers flowing.

Let drums beat, and fifes ſound ſhrill
Ye clarions, lend your ſweeteſt notes,
Now, trumpets, rend your ſilver throats,
Proclaim in warlike meaſure,
When the racy bowl we fill
The fair ſhall do their duty,
And ſip its balmy treaſure,
Touch'd by the lip of beauty:
'Tis now a draught for Hector;
'Tis nectar,
The god's delight—here's wine and love,
Like Mars who fight, ſhou'd kiſs like Jove,
By turns the ſoldier's pleaſure.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—*As before.*

Enter CHARLEY.

CHARLEY.

HA, ha, ha! My maſter goes to ſeize his own goods that I ſtole out of his ſtores, and hid in the rocks for him to ſeek out, whilſt I run off with his daughter.

Enter MOGGY *unperceived.*

I muſt run and let her out (*going*).

Mog. Dear Sir, wont you wait for company?

Char. Moggy! how the plague did you get out?

Mog. No matter; here I am, and take me while you can.

Char. Hey!—Ecod! this is doing things!—Ha, ha, ha! Charming! I've cut out work for your father on the oppoſite ſide of the iſland; ſo

I'll run down to the pier and get the boat ready, and off we ſkim like curlews. [*Exit.*

Mog. Make haſte, Charley!—Oh, my bonny Charley!—Eh! yon's a boat put in—here's ſome of the paſſengers *(looking)*—by the deſcription it muſt be the ſtrange parſon that's expected from Mull to marry Jenny and Sandy.

Enter Laird *of* RAASEY *and* SERVANT.

Laird. That dwelling *(points to* SHELTY'S) looks like a public houſe.

Servant. Yes, Sir, it is.

Laird. Then engage a room, and leave my baggage.—Here—my great coat was comfortable on the water, but on land 'tis cumb'rous (*takes it off and gives it to* SERVANT)—And lay out my beſt perriwig, that I may look decent.

Servant. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit with things into* SHELTY'S.

Parſon. Here, pretty maiden!

Mog. Sir—what a civil gentleman! *(aſide.)*

Parſon. Do you know one Sandy Frazer?

Mog. Eh! Sandy?

Parſon. Whom I am to marry to one Jenny.

Mog. He, he! Lord! if I could perſuade him Charley and I are they! may be he'd marry us (*aſide*). Oh, Sir; dear Sir! Reverend Sir! you're heartily welcome, Sir! *(curtſying.)* My Charley, I dare ſay, Sir—my Sandy is juſt gone yonder to the pier, to look out for you, Sir.

Parſon. Oh, then you are Jenny?

Mog. Yes, Sir (*curtſy*); I am Jenny, Sir—I hope he wont find me out (*aſide*).——

(*The*

(*The* PARSON *views her with attention.*)

Lord! I believe he ſuſpects me (*aſide and confuſed*). Oh, Sir! here comes my Sandy!—Now, Sir, you'll—Oh heavens! my father! (*aſide.*) Good b'ye, Sir (*going*).

Parſon. But, laſſie, ſtop—

Mog. Yes, Sir; I'll ſtop when I'm out of your ſight. [*Exit running into* SHELTY'S.

Parſon. A whimſical ſort of a young lady.

[*Exit after* MOGGY.

Enter CHARLEY.

Char. The boat's ready, and—Hey! where has ſhe ſcampered? This giddy tit juſt to kick up her heels at the ſtarting poſt!—Her father! Zounds! it's well ſhe has miſſed him!

Enter M'GILPIN *in a rage.*

M'Gil. Fine police, if the king's officers are to be aſſaulted in the execution of their duty.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! (*aſide.*)—Oh then, Sir, you've beat old Croudy?

M'Gil. No, damn him! but he beat me! But I'll let the ruffian know nobody ſhall cheat the king in this iſland, but myſelf—He's a poacher too, goes fowling, growſing, and cocking; but I'll growſe and cock him! I'll ſhew him, that in Col I'm grand fowler, prowler, and comptroller—His ſon Shelty have a child of mine! My dear Charley, take care of Moggy.

Char. She's ſafe, I'll anſwer, Sir.

M'Gil. Have you ſeen the Captain? I mean to give Jenny to him, and break my promiſe with Sandy—'tis more for my intereſt.

Char. I'll ſet him another hunt whilſt I look for Moggy (*aſide*). Sir, have an eye to Jenny—the parſon's come; and if Sandy gets a hint of your intention to give her to the Captain, they'll be coupled unknown to you.

M'Gil. Oddsfiſh! but where is Jenny?

Char. This inſtant gone into Shelty's.

M'Gil. Run you in, boy, and ſecure her, whilſt I raiſe the poſſe after Croudy.

Char. Lord! Sir, Jenny'd never ſtay with me; you'd beſt in and ſecure her yourſelf, and I'll bring the conſtables for Croudy.

[*Exit* M'GILPIN *into the Houſe.*

SCENE II.—SHELTY's *Houſe.*

Enter SHELTY *with a Jug.*

(SERVANT *with a Coat and Wig*)

Shel. Yes, Sir—I am here, Sir—I am there, Sir—Coming, Sir (*drinks*). Lord! what nice ale do I ſells! Yes, Sir;—my houſe is ſo full—Oh, what a mortal fine chance have I to make money! beſides, I'm your only lad in the iſland for harmonious jollyfications! But father's wrangling with M'Gilpin will kick down all!—Here he comes; now if he hasn't been in ſome new combuſtifications.

Enter

Enter CROUDY.

Croudy. Ha! (*takes the mug from* SHELTY *and drinks.*) Ho! A ſcoundrel! tell me I rob the King!—The cuſtom-houſe officer takes his pay and ſmuggles—and he's a damn'd bad ſervant indeed that robs his maſter. Boy, M'Gilpin would have ſeized my boat, though he only laſt week claw'd up my other (*drinks*)——Loſt my poor ſwallow!

Shel. I ſhou'dn't have thought as much (*turning the mug*).

Crou. This taxman—Oh, Zounds! I'll—

Shel. Lord! father! how you do put me out of all ſorts! here's my houſe full—There's the Serjeant, Sandy, and all the lads playing cards; and here's Sandy's marriage—

Crou. Go froth your ale and ſcore double, boy; I've threſh'd M'Gilpin.

Shel. You ha'n't.

Crou. I've bang'd him, ſirrah!

Enter APIE.

Apie. Oh, mercy! Maſter Croudy, here's the conſtables! And here's Mr. M'Gilpin!

Shel. Lord! Lord! you'll be taken! Go you, and let nobody come up. [*Puts* APIE *off.* (*Sees clothes.*) Eh! this is the luckieſt—Here, ſtep into this great coat, hat, and wig the parſon's ſervant left here—No time for thinking—do take a fool's advice!

Crou. Eh!

Shel. If you're taken, to jail you go—Do you want to make a riot in my houſe, and give him a pretence to take away my licence?—No; do things eaſy—here, quick, quick! (*helps him on with the clothes.*) There—the devil a one of them can know you now—I'll run and get the boat ready.—You're ſo nicely diſguiſed, you may eaſily get to it—Huh! Oh dear! [*Exit.*

Crou. Oh, you cowardly cur! you're no ſon of mine——My cudgel is but a—If I had only—Zounds! Isn't that my broad ſword yonder? I made a preſent of it to this pigeon, but he never had ſpirit to uſe it! (*takes it from over the chimney.*) If they take me, they muſt firſt take this—no diſguiſe now—It never ſhall be ſaid a Highlander ſneaked out like a poltroon, with his broad ſword in his hand—No, no! (*flings clothes off.*) [*Exit.*

Enter MOGGY *frightened.*

Mog. Oh, Lud! Where ſhall I hide from father? If I could ſtand behind the door and ſlip out as he comes in—but what could bewitch Charley to ſend him after me? If I could but get down to the pier! What's this? (*looks at clothes, &c.*) Ha! the parſon's!—Ecod! I've a great mind to try now if I can't hide myſelf in it—ha, ha, ha! On they go (*puts them on*)—Ha, ha, ha!—and wig—ha, ha, ha!

M'GILPIN *and* SHELTY *without.*

M'Gil. She is here.

Mog. O Lord! there's father!

Shel. She is not.

M'Gil. Sirrah! Charley told me ſhe came in juſt now.

Mog. Did he indeed?

Enter

Enter M'GILPIN *and* SHELTY.

Shel. She is not, I tell you—You've done like a wiſe man! *(apart to* MOGGY.)

M'Gil. I'll have the houſe ſearched.

Shel. Don't ſpeak, and I'll get you out.

M'Gil. Where's Jenny? You're of a ſtamp with the raſcal your father.

Shel. Father, keep your temper.

M'Gil. Deliver up Jenny, you ſcoundrel!

Shel. Keep your cudgel quiet—Oh, Jenny! You think I'm a devil amongſt the girls. This morning I was running away with Moggy—now, it's Mr. Shelty, Sir, you've been kiſſing Jenny.

M'Gil. What old fellow's that? (*to* MOGGY.)

Shel. Fellow! This? Oh, Sir, this gentleman is the parſon from Raaſay.

M'Gil. Od! I beg his pardon—How do you do, Doctor? Oh true, you're come to marry Sandy and Jenny—Ah! that's all up, Sir.

Shel. Don't ſpeak to him, Sir.

M'Gil. Damn your buſy—Sirrah! you are the cauſe of my child's preſent diſtreſſes, you miſcreant! I'll—Ecod! I'll revenge all upon the rogue your father!—Doctor—Oh, here Charley has brought the conſtables!

Shel. Father, you ſee you muſt fight your way.

Enter CHARLEY *and two* CONSTABLES.

Char. Sir, I ſaw Croudy enter here.

M'Gil. We'll have him! There, Charley, you ſhew the Doctor here to my houſe, whilſt the conſtables and I ſearch this for Croudy.

Shel. (*apart to* CHARLEY.) Do, Charley, take the Doctor—it's my father—get him off.

Char. What! I help the eſcape of ſmugglers!—Sir, that's Croudy in diſguiſe.

Mog. (*apart to him.*) It's me, you blockhead!

Char. Moggy again! (*aſide.*) Ay, come along, Doctor.

M'Gil. No, you old rogue! no colluſion with my clerk—I know you, Croudy—I ſee the tip of his noſe—Conſtables, lay hold of him.

(*The* CONSTABLES *lay hold of* MOGGY—SHELTY *takes the ſtick from one, and beats the other*—MOGGY *throws off her diſguiſe and kneels before her Father.*)

Shel. Keep off—I'll defend my father with my life.

Mog. Oh, ſave my deareſt father!

M'Gil. My daughter!

Shel. This my daddy!

M'Gil. My dear child!

Char. I've done this well! (*aſide.*)

M'Gil. Before I lock'd—but *now* I'll *double* lock you.—No, I'll take care of you myſelf, my dutiful, affectionate—But, you Jade, who got you out?

Mog. Who but my dear Shelty?

Shel. I? Me?

M'Gil. Ay; what are locks and brick walls againſt ſuch an Algerine family as Shelty's? Even the old water thief his father wou'd rob a biſhop of his butterboats. [*Exeunt, dragging out* MOGGY.

Shel.

Shel. But where the devil can old Croudy be? Egad! as I found Miſs Moggy under a great coat, perhaps I may find my daddy under a petticoat!

SONG.

Boys, when I play, cry, oh crimini,
Shelty's chaunter, ſqueakerimini;
I love tunes, I'm ſo emphatical,
Fingers ſhaking, quiveratical,
With agility,
Grace, gentility,
Girls ſhake heal and toe;
Pipes I tickle ſo
My jiggs fill a pate,
Tittilate
Pretty mate,
My hops love mirth, young blood circulate.

Oh my chaunters ſound ſo prettily,
Sweeter far than pipes from Italy;
Croſs the Tweed I'll bring my tweedle dum,
Striking foreign flute and fiddle dumb!
Modern Rizzi's ſo,
Pleaſes Ma'ams, Miſſes tho',
Peers can marry ſtrum,
Act plays, very rum,
I'll puff at Square Hanover,
Can over,
Man over,
All the puny pipes from Italy.

I'm in talk a pedant muſical,
In fine terms I lug intruſical,
Slap bravuras, alt, the rage about,
Hayd'n, Mara, Opera, ſtage about;
Oratorios,
Cramers, Florios:
Things at Jubilee,
Neither he or ſhe
Dye at ſyren's note,
Tiny throat,
Petticoat,
This is amateur high muſical. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*A Street in a Country Town.*

Enter SANDY *and* JENNY.

Jenny. My dear Sandy, don't grieve; why ſhould ill-fortune diſturb our tranquillity, unleſs it could leſſen our affection.

Sandy. M'Gilpin's deſign of giving you to Captain Daſh diſtracts me.

Jenny. But he ſhan't—my obligations to him are great; yet this tyrannous attempt to fetter my inclinations, and a ſuſpicion that his motives were not quite diſintereſted, have ſomewhat abated my debt of gratitude.

Sandy. And here, won't let me continue in my farm without this fine of fifty pounds, ſo I muſt give it up—but he laid it on to ruin me.

Jenny. Well, and even ſo, ar'n't there other farms—or no farm—could you not be happy with poor Jenny?

Sandy. My dear Jenny!

AIR—SANDY.

At dawn I roſe with jocund glee,
For joyful was the day
That cou'd this bleſſing give to me,
Now joy is fled away—Jenny!

No flocks, nor herds, nor ſtores of gold,
Nor houſe, nor home have I,
If beauty muſt be bought and ſold
Alas! I cannot buy—Jenny!

Yet

Yet I am rich, if thou art kind,
So priz'd a ſmile from thee,
True love alone our hearts ſhall bind
Thou'rt all the world to me—Jenny!

Sweet, gentle maid, tho' patient, meek,
My lily drops a tear,
Ah! raiſe thy drooping head and ſeek
Soft peace and comfort here—Jenny!

[*Exeunt.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE—M'GILPIN's *Houſe.*

Enter BENIN *with a Bundle, meeting* MOGGY.

MOGGY.

WELL, Benin, have you—Shew, my good—

Ben. Yes, Miſſy; and I tink dey vil fit you.

Mog. My beſt creature!

Ben. Ah, Miſſy; but Maſſa lick a me as I vas vorſe creature—Miſſy, if you run away I vill run too—Maſſa kill a me if know I help you.

Mog. Pſha! you fool, I'm not going to run away.

Ben. Miſſy, dere be Miſs Jenny write letter in parlour below—want me fetch it, Miſſy—Now told tell Maſſa I brought you clothes. [*Exit.*

Mog. Let's ſee what you have brought (*opens bundle*)—Jacket, kilt, bonnet complete—I wont even tell Charley of my deſign till I'm equipt, ha, ha, ha! I'll ſurprize him—There, I'll lay all ſnug (*puts*

(puts them in the preſs)—Now if Charley could borrow caſh to carry us up to Edinbro', father cou'd never find us out there—let's ſee—Lud! I hav'n't above half a guinea left of my own pocket-money—Oh, poor Charley, and I—

Enter BENIN.

Ben. Miſs Moggy, Jenny deſire me give you dis *(gives a letter)*.

Mog. Very well.—

[*Exit* BENIN.

What's this? *(opens letter and takes out a bill.)*—An Edinbro' bank-note for 40*l.*—Let's ſee (*reads*)—"My dear Moggy, Sandy in a fit of deſpair "has enliſted himſelf among the ſoldiers—I have "ſold my lottery-chance for the incloſed 40*l.*! "For certain, the Captain will never part with "ſuch a ſoldier as my Sandy, therefore I ſhall "take your hint and follow the drum—as I ſhall "not want the money, accept it, my dear friend, "for travelling charges—beſides, a ſupply of caſh "you'll find neceſſary till you can obtain your fa-"ther's pardon for the ſtep you are about to take "—in which be happier than your Jenny."—My generous friend!—No—I will not enjoy happineſs whilſt you feel ſorrow!—with the aſſiſtance of my Highland dreſs here in my cupboard, if I can once more elope, the firſt uſe I make of my liberty is to procure it for you, Sandy!—Ay, though father catches me the next moment.

Enter

Enter M'GILPIN.

M'Gil. I'll firſt catch you this moment (*takes her by the arm and takes a key out of his pocket*). Go in there.

Mog. No, Sir.

M'Gil. Go in.

Enter CHARLEY.

Char. What's the matter, Sir?

M'Gil. Here's a young lady won't be lock'd up.

Char. Oh fye, Miſs! refuſe to be locked up!—that's ſo unreaſonable of you.

M'Gil. So it is. Isn't it a proof what a high value I ſet upon you, huſſey? Don't I lock up my guineas? You young brazen-face, go in there (*he puts her into a room*). If I ſhou'd be obliged to go out, Charley, you'll have a watch here, and I'll certainly give you——

(*As* M'GILPIN *turns his head to ſpeak to* CHARLEY, MOGGY, *unſeen by either, ſlips again out of the room, pulls* CHARLEY *by the ear, and runs into the preſs in flatt, where ſhe had before put the clothes.*)

Char. Now, Sir, what's that for? (*puts his hand to his ear.*)

M'Gil. Charley, don't ſay a word againſt it—I ſhall do as I like with my family.

Char. Yes, Sir; but when you count ears, pray don't conſider me one of your family.

M'Gil.

M'Gil. Ay, true, my lad—However (*turns to the room-door, where he thinks* Moggy *is*), ſtay you there, the plague of my family! (*locks the door.*) I think I have you faſt now, my dearee!

Char. My poor girl! (*aſide.*)

M'Gil. Charley, boy—though I have the key, yet I ſcarce think I'm ſure of her even now; ſhe's full of hocus pocus! So, d'ye hear, now and then throw an eye to the door. That rogue Shelty muſt have been aſſiſted by his grandmother the old witch I baniſhed, to have got her out before.

Char. Eh, I'll encourage this thought! (*aſide.*)

M'Gil. Charley, I'm now going into my ſtudy to practiſe oratory—Don't let anybody interrupt me, boy!—Hem!

[*Exit, with much ſelf-ſufficiency.*

Char. I find he don't know yet that old Lord Donald is come—Ha, ha, ha! this ridiculous idea of Shelty's grandmother being a witch—Ha, ha, ha! I'm ſtrangely tickled with the thought.

Shel. (*without.*) Suppoſe he is buſy?

Benin (*without*). Well, I'll tell my Maſſere.

Char. Ha, ha, ha! And here comes Shelty in the nick, to help my project! Ha, ha, ha! I'll try it however.

M'Gil. (*without.*) I'll break your bones!

Benin (*without*). Me don't care—Oh! (*crying.*)

Char. Hey! what now?

M'Gil. (*without.*) An impudent ſcoundrel! I'll——

Char. Here he comes, and in as rare humour for my purpoſe. If I can but make him give her up to Shelty! Once ſhe's out of theſe doors, I have my dear girl.

Enter

Enter M'GILPIN *in a violent rage, and* BENIN *crying.*

M'Gil. You villain! you ſhou'dn't have interrupted me at ſtudy—No, not for the Lord Advocate of Scotland!

Benin (*crying*). Why, Maſſere, I did tought——

M'Gil. Will you prate? Interrupted for Shelty! (*looks in a paper.*)

Char. Ha, ha, ha!

Benin (*apart to* CHARLEY). You may laugh, Maſſere never beats you—Oh! Eh, do, he did tumpa me!

Char. (*aſide.*) This may give liſt to my ſcheme.—(*Apart to* BENIN.) No, Benin, maſter never beats me, becauſe when I find he's in a paſſion I never anſwer him.

Benin. He! if it ſaves me a beating, I will not make him no anſwer.

Char. Don't you know he's an orator, and likes to have all the talk to himſelf!

Benin. Ha, ha, ha! then he ſhall—Thank ye, Charley—Ha, ha, ha! when I find he raiſe his voice, I will no anſwer him—Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

M'Gil. I wonder he dares thurſt his ſaucy face into my houſe!

Char. Now for it—If I can but work upon his fancy (*aſide*)—Ay, Sir, Shelty wou'd make you believe he has the power to bring you to terms.

M'Gil. Power and terms! What do you mean?

Char. And yet, I aſſure you, Sir, I put little or no faith in theſe ſort of old women's ſtories.—I ſee Shelty's intent—as he ſaid——

M'Gil. Why, what did he ſay?

Char. Says he, juſt now:—"Charley, I have "your maſter under my thumb; I know that the "clue to his fame and fortune is his tongue; "therefore," ſays he, "with my ſciſſars of fate "I'm determined to cut"——

M'Gil. What! to cut my tongue with his ſciſſars! Oh, the bloody-minded——

Char. No, Sir, to cut the thread of your diſcourſe; to deprive you of——

M'Gil. Of what, Charley!

Char. Your power of——

M'Gil. Of what, boy!

Char. Of voice.

M'Gil. What, make me not ſpeak! impoſſible! I will talk, though there were three women in company.

Char. I tell you, Sir, it's his wicked determination, if you don't give him Miſs Moggy, to take from your ſpeech all ſound! Look, Sir, here he comes—and look, ſee the very taliſman in his hand.

M'Gil. Eh!—what, that crabſtick?

Char. Stick! I know it's cut from the yew-tree in the church-yard; and he told me he had it from the witch his grandmother (*taking a ſtick*).

M'Gil. Charley, don't talk wicked—now I—I don't think the fellow looks like a conjurer.

Enter SHELTY *with great conſequence.*

Shel. Where's M'Gilpin?

Char. You don't mean my maſter, Shelty?

Shel. The maſter now has a maſter.

M'Gil. What's that, ſirrah?

Shel. Only the kicker ſhall be kick'd—Laird Donald's come; fine overhauling of accounts, maſter Steward! Now the eagle's pounc'd, you'll have ſomething elſe to do than brooding over your tender chick, my old cock.

M'Gil. Ay, though you'd take the chick from the rooſt; ay, from under my wing, you moſt catiff hawk! yet you ſhall never prevent me from ——Ay, ſpite of your arts, the old cock will crow.

Shel. Let's hear you.

Char. (*apart to* M'GILPIN.) You ſee by his inſolence he's conſcious of his power.

M'Gil. I do.

Char. Forbear (*to* SHELTY).

Shel. Forbear!

Char. You know I know your buſineſs.

Shel. Buſineſs! True; you know I'm a piper.

M'Gil. Keep off—if you dare uſe your infernal ſciſſars.

Shel. I've no ſciſſars; but I have—look here—I know you'll be hatching up a ſtory to Laird Donald; but if you dare open your lips to the prejudice of me, or my daddy—ſee—let this keep you ſilent (*ſhews his ſtick*). I'll—Oh! by the——

Char. He ſays that (*pointing to* SHELTY's *ſtick*) ſhall make you ſilent (*apart to* M'GILPIN).

M'Gil. Keep off your baleful yew—

Shel. I'm as good as you.

M'Gil. Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe!

Shel. Moon's eclipſe!—he's touch'd.

M'Gil. Am I? Has he?

Char. Hark'ee, Shelty, dare to come near my maſter with your damn'd twig there, and I'll kick you and it to the devil.

Shel.

Shel. Kick me, you little pick-thank! I'll—(*ſtrikes* CHARLEY *with his ſtick, as he endeavours to put him off.*)

M'Gil. To him! out with him, my hero!

(CHARLEY *wreſts the ſtick from* SHELTY, *and thruſts him off.*)

You are a clever boy, faith!

(CHARLEY *throws* SHELTY'*s ſtick down, ſtruts about, uſes much action, and moves his lips as if talking.*)

Gad, Charley can't ſpeak, he's ſo very angry—I never ſaw him in a paſſion before—Is he gone?—He is—the knave!—So, let's come to ourſelves and conſider—Call Benin (CHARLEY *moves his lips as if calling*). Why don't you call him when I bid you? Zounds, ſirrah! call him—Benin! (*calls very loud, looks at* CHARLEY, *who moves his lips.*) Damn the fellow, what is he at? Is Benin coming, eh?—What, an't I worthy of an anſwer? Dam'me, I'll knock you down if you ſtand making mouths at me, you raſcal!—Eh—why—he can't—Can't you ſpeak, eh?—Aye, indeed, I ſaw Shelty ſtrike him with that fatal ſtick—but it's impoſſible!—it can't be—Speak, I won't believe but you can—Eh!—come, none of your capers upon me—Come, ſpeak this moment—this inſtant ſay in plain, audible Engliſh, "How do you do, Mr. M'Gilpin"—or down you go as flat as a fluke. Eh, poor Charley! faith, he has really loſt his voice—I won't believe it—I'm ſtrongly tempted to try it on myſelf; but then, when I get into Parliament—if I loſe my voice, I ſhou'd be fit only to be the Speaker—I'll venture—You, Charley, ſirrah! take up that ſtick and touch me with it—Very gently, boy (CHARLEY *hits him very*

forcibly). Zounds! that is enough to knock a man ſpeechleſs!

Char. Oh, if I never recover my voice, I am a miſerable being!

M'Gil. Why, you have, you rogue—I heard you ſpeak then very plain.

Char. Eh! now my maſter's lips move as if he was talking.

M'Gil. Ha, ha, ha! why I am talking, you fool!

Char. Yes, they ſtill move, but no ſound—Eh! perhaps I may now have recovered my voice by the ſtick touching my maſter—Oh, true, Shelty told me the dumbneſs was transferable.

M'Gil. Transferable! the dumbneſs—What's that you ſay, boy?

Char. Yes, by the motion of his lips, the poor gentleman thinks he's ſpeaking.

M'Gil. Speaking! Zounds! I'm bawling!—I won't believe but I am heard—Sirrah! I'll—

Enter BENIN.

Now I'll ſee if *(aſide)*—Here, you ſcoundrel! do you hear me? *(very loud.)*

Ben. Tank you, Charley!

[*Exit without looking at* M'GILPIN.

M'Gil. Ay—it's plain—I can't make myſelf be heard—Oh! I've loſt my voice! *(very loud.)* But, zounds! it can't be!—This may be a confederacy—but hold—if ſo—my daughter can't be in the plot, as nobody cou'd have ſpoke to her ſince I locked her up here within—True, and even the window is nailed down—I'll ſee if ſhe can hear me (*unlocks the door and goes in*).

Char. Oh the plague! now Moggy'll anſwer him and overthrow all my magic.

Mog. (peeps out of the preſs.) Charley!

Char. You *there!* Oh—the—Why, I believe the black gentleman has been at work in earneſt. How the deuce got you there?

Mog. Pſha! you fool—Huſh! I'm dreſſing here, ha, ha, ha! why you're humming him nicely! But only get him out of the way, and off we go.

Char. Pop in—here he comes.

(MOGGY *takes in her head.*)

Now if I can but get him out!

Re-enter M'GILPIN *in a great rage and aſtoniſhment.*

M'Gil. She's gone!—I ſhall go mad! He has got her out; but how? No other way but the chimney or the key-hole—How the devil!—Bleſs us! Yes, if Shelty cou'd carry her off when here—I found the door locked—I can no longer doubt his power to take my ſpeech—Oh! I'm a moſt miſerable old gentleman! I'm in grief and nobody to pity me—I complain, and none can hear my lamentations! *(weeps.)* Eh! But—hold!—As Charley recovered by my getting the dumbneſs, I can as eaſily transfer it to ſomebody elſe, and ſo recover my own voice, ha, ha, ha! Pſhaw! except his taking Moggy, if this is the *worſt*, a fig for his power! ha, ha, ha! I've a great mind to return it again to Charley! ha, ha, ha! But his voice will be neceſſary to explain my accounts to Laird Donald.

Char. Well, Sir, what does Miſs Moggy ſay to her lover's tricks.

M'Gil. Pſhaw! This fool tantalizing me with queſtions, when he knows I can't make him hear my anſwers! Who ſhall I confer this favour on? —Eh!—Ay!—Stupid Benin; the blackamoor has little occaſion for his guttural ſounds.

Enter BENIN.

Benin. Sir, here's Laird Donald! (*very ſubmiſſively.*)

M'Gil. Oh dear! I muſt recover my tongue to talk him over! Yes, I'll give my dumbneſs to Benin—Dam'me, I'll bang you into ſilence, my double dyed, ſwarthy acquaintance (*takes the ſtick from the ground*).

Benin. Tank ye, Charley. [*Exit.*

M'Gil. He has hopp'd off like a blackbird—Wou'dn't even wait till I'd ſhake ſalt upon his tail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Landſcape.*

Enter Captain DASH *and* Serjeant JACK.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha! Well, Jack, our ſucceſs is e'en beyond my expectation.

Serj. I've done my beſt, becauſe I undertook the thing; but under a falſe hope trepanning the poor fellows from their homes and families—Excuſe me, but

but I can't enjoy the proſperity that's built on the diſtreſſes of another.

Capt. Pſha! damn your nonſenſe! What the devil is come to you? This Sandy is——Oh, have you ſeen his Jenny?

Serj. Yes; I've ſeen her, and I wiſh ſhe was his.

Capt. Wiſh ſhe was his? Very civil, when you know I love her to diſtraction—Hey—what's here?

Enter MOGGY, *dreſs'd as a Highlander.*

Mog. I beg your Honor's pardon; but hasn't your Honor liſted one Sandy Frazer?

Capt. Yes, my lad; and I'll 'liſt you too.

Serj. Yes; we'll liſt you if you're willing.

Mog. It's for that I'm come, if you'll take me in my brother's place?

Serj. Why, is Sandy your brother?

Mog. Yes, Sir, he is; and the eldeſt of eight little brothers and ſiſters, not one of 'em but me able to earn a morſel of bread for themſelves—Oh, merciful, good Captain! take me and diſcharge brother Sandy! Oh! (*cries.*)

Capt. Ha, ha, ha! you young dog! do you think I'll exchange an effective man for ſuch a little wipper-ſnapper as you? Get along, you little monkey!

Mog. I am a little monkey—Oh! I ſhall never be able to maintain the family! Oh! (*cries.*)

Capt. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Jack, (*to* SERJEANT,) here's another opportunity for your ſentiment, ha, ha, ha!

Serj. Yes; and for your humanity if you have any (*walks up*).

Capt. Humanity! Eh!—go home, my boy (*to* Moggy).

Mog. Sir, I've rais'd a little bit of money here, by ſelling ſome of our ſtock; if this cou'd make up for my deficiency till I grow bigger?

Serj. (*advancing.*) Hey, money!

Capt. Money! (*draws her to him.*)

Mog. Yes, Sir; if you will accept this forty pounds, and me in the place of my brother Sandy —Oh, worthy, noble gentleman! you'll ſee what a good fine ſoldier I'll make in time.

Capt. Eh — in — time — (*looks at her*) forty pounds——

Serj. And this younker will grow taller.

Mog. Oh yes, Sir, I intend to grow a deal taller.

Song—Moggy.

Tho' I am now a very little lad,
If fighting men cannot be had,
For want of a better I may do
To follow the boys with the rat-tat-too—
I may ſeem tender, yet I'm tough,
And though not much of me I'm right good ſtuff,
Of this I'll boaſt, ſay more who can,
I never was afraid to ſee my man.
I'm a chicka-biddy—ſee
Take me now, now, now,
A merry little he
For your row, dow, dow,
Brown Beſs I'll knock about, oh, there's my joy!
With my knapſack at back like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young ſoldier view,
My phillabeg, and dirk, and bonnet blue,
Give the word, and I'll march where you command,
Noble Serjeant, with a ſhilling then ſtrike my hand.
My Captain, when he takes his glaſs,
May like to toy with a pretty laſs,

For

For ſuch a one I've a roguiſh eye,
He'll ne'er want a girl when I am by.
I'm a chicka-biddy, &c.

Tho' a barber has never yet mowed my chin,
With my great broad ſword I long to begin,
Cut ſlaſh, ram, dam, oh, glorious fun!
For a gun pip pop change my little pop-gun.
The foes ſhou'd fly like geeſe in flocks,
Ev'n Turks I'd drive like turkey-cocks,
Wherever quarter'd I ſhall be,
Oh zounds! how I'll kiſs my landlady.
I'm a chicka-biddy, &c.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha!—Well, my little—tall boy (*writes in his pocket-book and tears a leaf out which he gives to* MOGGY). Ha, ha, ha! There's your brother Sandy's diſcharge—I take your forty pounds—There's a ſhilling.

Mog. A ſhilling! generous Captain! Thank ye, Sir—this paper—What a preſent for my poor Jenny! (*aſide with joy.*)

Serj. Sir, we're lucky rogues! This forty pounds comes to us moſt à-propos (*apart to* CAPTAIN).

Capt. What do you mean, fellow? *We*, and *us!* In profit I am ſolus.—(*To* MOGGY). Now you are the king's man.

Mog. And Sandy is his own.

Enter SHELTY, *and* SANDY *as a Recruit.*

Mog. (*giving* SANDY *the paper ſhe received from the* CAPTAIN). There's your diſcharge, Sandy; no more the king's, you're now only Jenny's man.

Enter

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. Ah, Sandy! How could you forſake me?

Capt. Hey, the devil! What's all this about? Here, you little buſy raſcal! (*to* MOGGY.)—True, my lad (*to* SANDY)—as he ſays, you're free; but I'll order your pert young brother here up to the halberts (*points to* MOGGY).

Sand. My—I've no brother!

Capt. Why, dam'me, you little ſon of a gun!

Mog. No, Sir; but I happen to be *daughter* to an old great gun.

Enter CHARLEY.

Here's my match! (*takes him by the hand.*)—And, hey! I'm off like a ſky-rocket.

[*Runs off with* CHARLEY.

Jenny. Sandy, didn't you know her?

Capt. Oh ho! I ſee it now—You have been a confederate in this impoſition (*to* SANDY).

Sandy. Totally innocent!

Enter Laird *of* RAASEY *and* M'GILPIN.

Laird. (*to* CAPTAIN.) Pray, Sir, by whoſe authority do you liſt men in this iſland?

Capt. The king, and my colonel.

Laird Who is your colonel?

Capt.

Capt. The owner of this iſland, my friend, young Bob M'Donald.

Laird. Well, this is rather odd; my ſon a colonel! The firſt time I ever heard he was even in the army.

Capt. Son!—Jack! (*to* Serjeant) Zounds! if—Can this be the old Laird?

Laird. (*ſeeing* SANDY.) Eh! Is't poſſible? Bob!

Capt. Why, Sir, do you know this Sandy?

Laird. What d'ye mean by Sandy? This is my ſon Robert, Ha, ha, ha! Your friend—young Bob M'Donald!

Capt. This young Donald!—Confuſion! Jack, we are undone! Yes; they'll hang us (*apart*).

Serj. (*aloud.*) *Us!*—What do you mean, fellow? In hanging you are ſolus (*mimicks the* CAPTAIN'*s former manner.*)

Laird. But, Bob, your whole conduct to *me* wears a face of myſtery: your turning common ſoldier—How? Come, Sir, I inſiſt on a full and clear explanation.

Sandy. Sir, my motives for enliſting were to ſecure this gentleman's conviction for his very impudent fraud, founded on a forgery of my name; and by fabricating *imaginary* diſtreſſes, I have proved how far true love would go to alleviate a real one.

Shelty. Hard now that *I* can't turn out to be ſomebody elſe.

M'Gil. Juſtice, my Laird, on this curſed juggling, conjuring piper, who has ſtruck me dumb as a fiſh, and without my conſent run away with and married my daughter.

Enter

Enter CHARLEY *leading in* MOGGY *in her Highland Dreſs.*

Char. (*to* M'GILPIN.) Sir, give me leave to introduce Captain M'Gilpin! (*preſenting* MOGGY.)

M'Gil. Moggy! Oh, you brazen face! Hey, turn'd ſoldier?

Mog. I am, Sir; under the command of General Charley.—The parſon, who is now below at the door, gave the word—'twas love, honor, and obey.

Laird. (*to* JENNY.) Your affections have been proved, and you muſt both be happy.

Shelty. So, I'm a conjurer! Theſe are comical conjurations—The tenant is the landlord—the poor orphan is the lady of the land—the captain is no ſoldier—the ſoldier is a woman—the 'prentice is a maſter—the maſter is—nobody—the poor parſon is a laird of much land (*looking at them by turns*)—and, poor Shelty, the Scotch piper, ſtill your humble ſervant to command (*bows to them*). And whether I tap the barrel or tune my chaunter—Hey! Neighbours, neighbours! Come, let's all be merry.

4 AP 54

FINALE.

FINALE.

SANDY.
Come, ſprightly lowland laſs,

SHELTY.
And Highland
Lad, trip here in jovial glee;

SANDY.
Gentle winds from ev'ry iſland
Waft hearts merry, blythe, and free,

SHELTY.
At Shelty's houſe
In gay carouſe
Your hours employ,

M'GILPIN.
Oh, well ſaid, boy!

SERJEANT.
To wiſh the young folks love and joy.

CHORUS.
Whiſky,
Friſky,
Prancing,
Dancing!
Sorrow kick to nick the de'il,
Care or trouble who can feel,
Lilting up the Highland Reel?

MOGGY.
Mind, deareſt lad, I tell you fairly,
Married I muſt have my way;

CHARLEY.
I'm ſure, dear laſs, you'll govern rarely,
Love and honor I'll obey.

SANDY.

SANDY.
Nor marriage chain.

SHELTY.
Nor bit, nor rein.

MOGGY.
The deuce a bit.

M'GILPIN.
A gameſome tit.

SHELTY.
Gadzooks! poor hen-peck'd Charley!

M'GILPIN.
A wiſe man I, my child's a wit.
Whiſky, &c.

SANDY.
The torch of love, by Cupid lighted,
Never ſhall extinguiſhed lie;

JENNY.
True vows at Hymen's altar plighted
Roſy hours the knot ſhall tie.

SANDY.
Erneſt this.
JENNY.
Of heavenly bliſs.

BOTH.
My only love.

M'GILPIN.
Well ſaid, by Jove!

SANDY.
Sweet bloſſom, ne'er be blighted!

M'GILPIN.
She'll coo like any turtle-dove.
Whiſky, &c.

SERJEANT.

SERJEANT.

Old Neptune's arms the globe embracing,
In his graſp can kingdoms hem,
Great Jove upon his finger placing
Albion's iſle a radiant gem,
Oh, ever ſhine
In rays divine
Shed luſtre round,
And thus enthron'd,
Royal George with years increaſing,
With each bleſſing ever crown'd.

Whiſky, &c.

THE END.

PLAYS *printed for* LONGMAN *and* REES.

1. The BIRTH DAY, a Comedy; altered from KOTZEBUE by T. DIBDIN. 2s.
2. The JEW AND THE DOCTOR, a Farce; by Ditto. 1s.
3. RAMAH DROOG, an Opera; by Mr. COBB. 2s.
4. The VOTARY OF WEALTH, a Comedy; by Mr. HOLMAN. 2s.
5. LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN, a Comedy; by Mr. REYNOLDS. 2s.
6. The DRAMATIST, a Comedy; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
7. NOTORIETY, a Comedy; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
8. HOW TO GROW RICH, a Comedy; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
9. The RAGE, a Comedy; by Ditto. 2s.
10. WERTER, a Tragedy; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
11. SPECULATION, a Comedy; by Ditto. 2s.
12. WILD OATS, a Comedy; by Mr. O'KEEFFE. 1s. 6d.
13. The CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA, a Comic Opera; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
14. SPRIGS OF LAUREL, an Opera; by Ditto. 1s.
15. The POSITIVE MAN, an Opera; by Ditto. 1s.
16. LIE OF THE DAY, a Comedy; by Ditto. 1s. 6d.
17. The FARMER, an Opera; by Ditto. 1s.
18. MODERN ANTIQUE, a Farce; by Ditto. 1s.
19. LOVE IN A CAMP: OR, PATRICK IN PRUSSIA, an Opera; by Ditto. 1s.
20. The POOR SOLDIER, an Opera; by Ditto. 1s.
21. HARTFORD BRIDGE, a Farce; by Mr. PEARCE. 1s.
22. The MIDNIGHT WANDERERS, an Opera; by Ditto. 1s.
23. NETLEY ABBEY, an Opera; by Ditto. 1s.
24. ARRIVED AT PORTSMOUTH; by Ditto. 1s.
25. WINDSOR CASTLE, an Opera, performed in Honor of the Marriage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; by Ditto. With an elegant Vignette. 1s. 6d.
26. The MYSTERIES OF THE CASTLE, an Opera; by M. P. ANDREWS. 2s.
27. The IRISHMAN IN LONDON, a Farce; by Mr. M'READY. 1s.
28. ZORINSKI, a Play; by Mr. MORTON. 2s.
29. The WAY TO GET MARRIED, a Comedy; by Ditto. 2s.
30. The CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE, a Comedy; by Ditto. 2s.
31. SECRETS WORTH KNOWING, a Comedy; by Ditto. 2s.
32. LOCK AND KEY, a Farce; by Mr. HOARE. 1s.
33. MARIAN, an Opera; by Mrs. BROOKE. 1s.

4 AP 54

London: Printed by A. Strahan, Printers Street.